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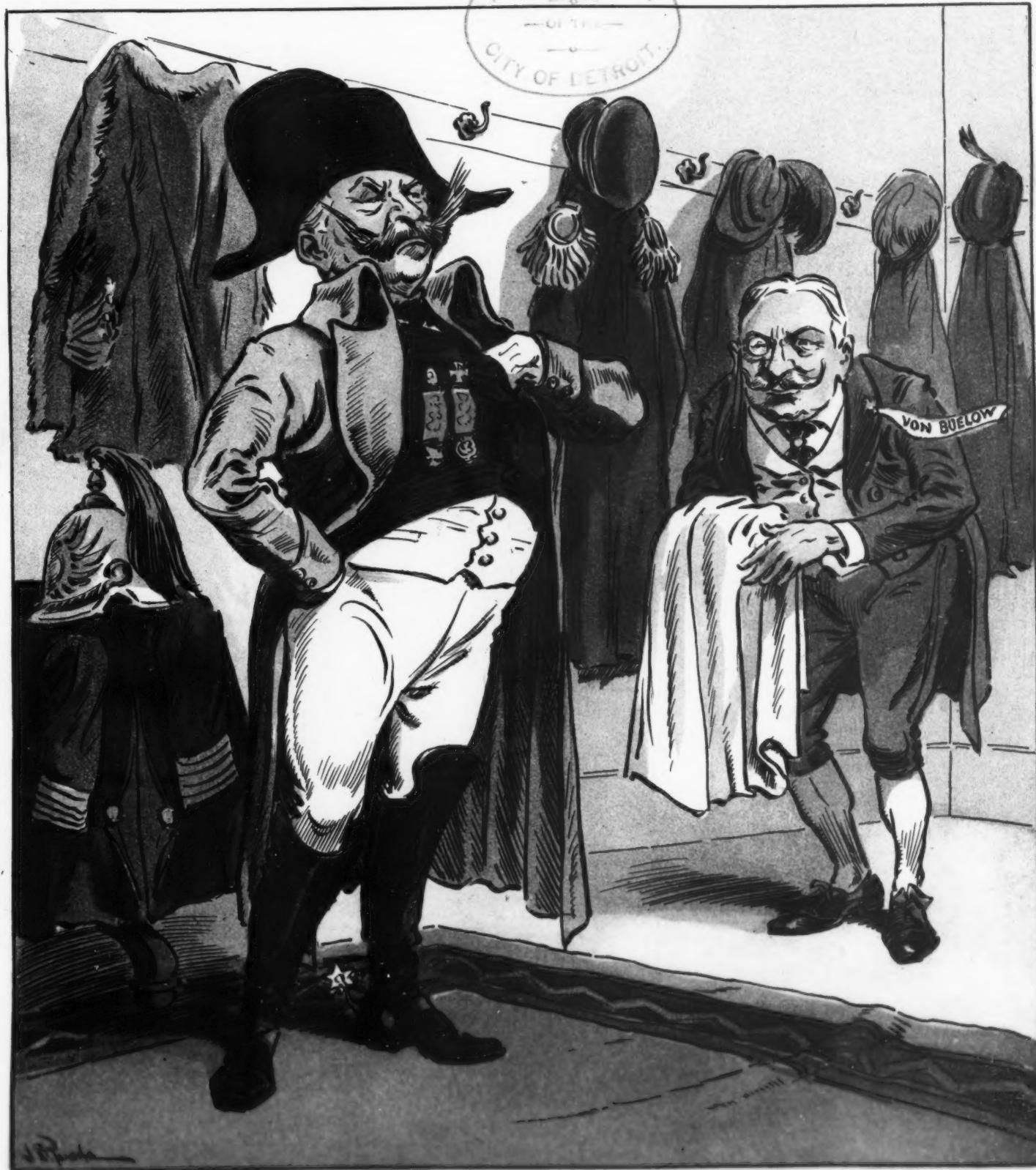
PRICE TEN CENTS.

"What Fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

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THE READY-MADE NAPOLEON.

VALET VON BUREW.—Spiriti, Herr Wilhelm! They become you most beautifully!



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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

TRUE, IT might be blackmail, but judging from recent data, it would be worth \$500 to any man *not* to be mentioned as a member of the Smart Set.

SHOULD Mr. Schiff's conscience continue to be prominent, he may follow the lead of Lawson—who also had a conscience—and tell us all about it in *Busybody's Magazine*.

WE WONDER if Mitchell of Oregon and Depew of New York are the kind of senators Lodge of Massachusetts once said the American people could not be trusted to elect.

NEVER, NOT even in the palmiest days of his partnership with Sir Richard, did the senior Senator from the Empire State enjoy such prime distinction, and such a quantity of it, as is now handed out to the junior.

DR. GLADDEN has discovered that "people who are active in church work, who are models in communities, are doing things horribly wrong." Or, practically speaking, our "best" citizens are sometimes our worst.

"MR. ROOSEVELT," states a news dispatch, "was told about the simple citizen of Alliance who wanted to know what the name of the President was, and he enjoyed the joke hugely." The joke, of course, was on the Ohio man.

FINANCIER RYAN says he has no Senatorial aspirations; adding, "I am aware of my many weaknesses, but political ambition is not one of them." A man may have political ambition, however, and not seek election to any legislative body. The latter is absurdly old-fashioned and outworn. Political ambition is realized these days in the control of legislation, not in the mere clerical making of it. Hired men do that.

RECALLING THE aqueous character of the late, but not lamented, Ship Building Trust, Schwab's gift to Johnstown of a full set of water works was consistency itself.

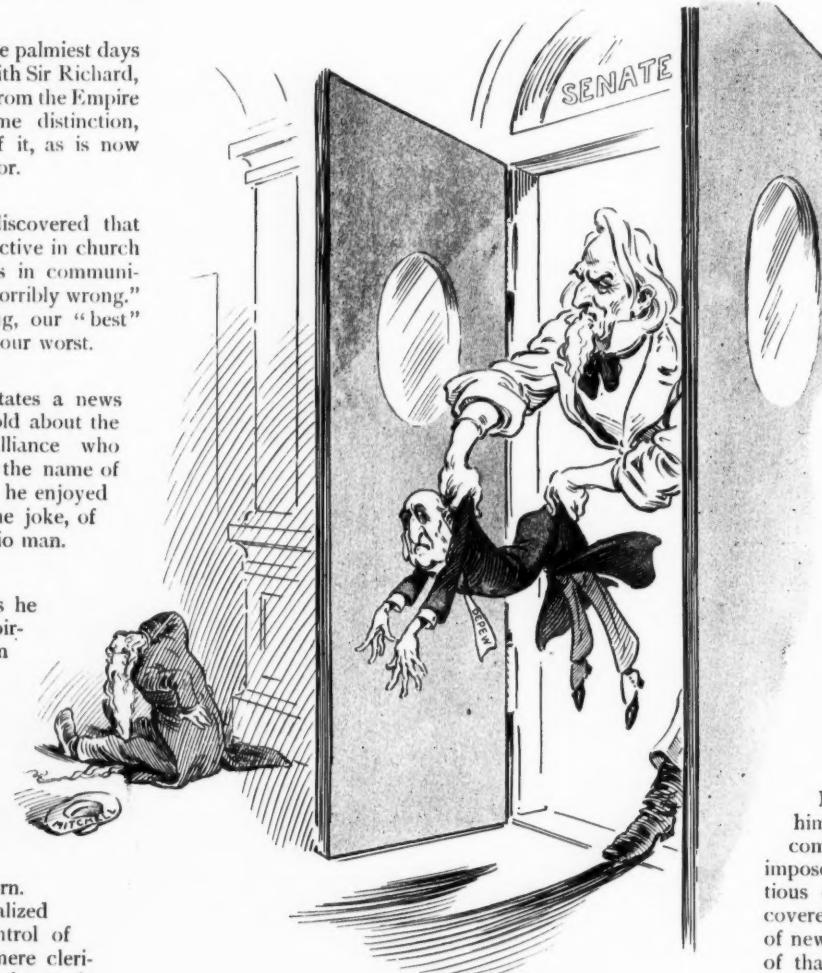
IT IS the Czar's belief that the true heart of Russia beats beneath the shadow of the Kremlin. He should make sure, however, that it is not the tick-tacking of a bomb.

EDITOR WARDMAN is said to have created a sensation when he announced his belief at the Hooker trial that bribery was not entirely unknown in the legislative halls at Albany. Now, won't some one please create a sensation by announcing that the sun rises in the morning or that maple leaves are green.

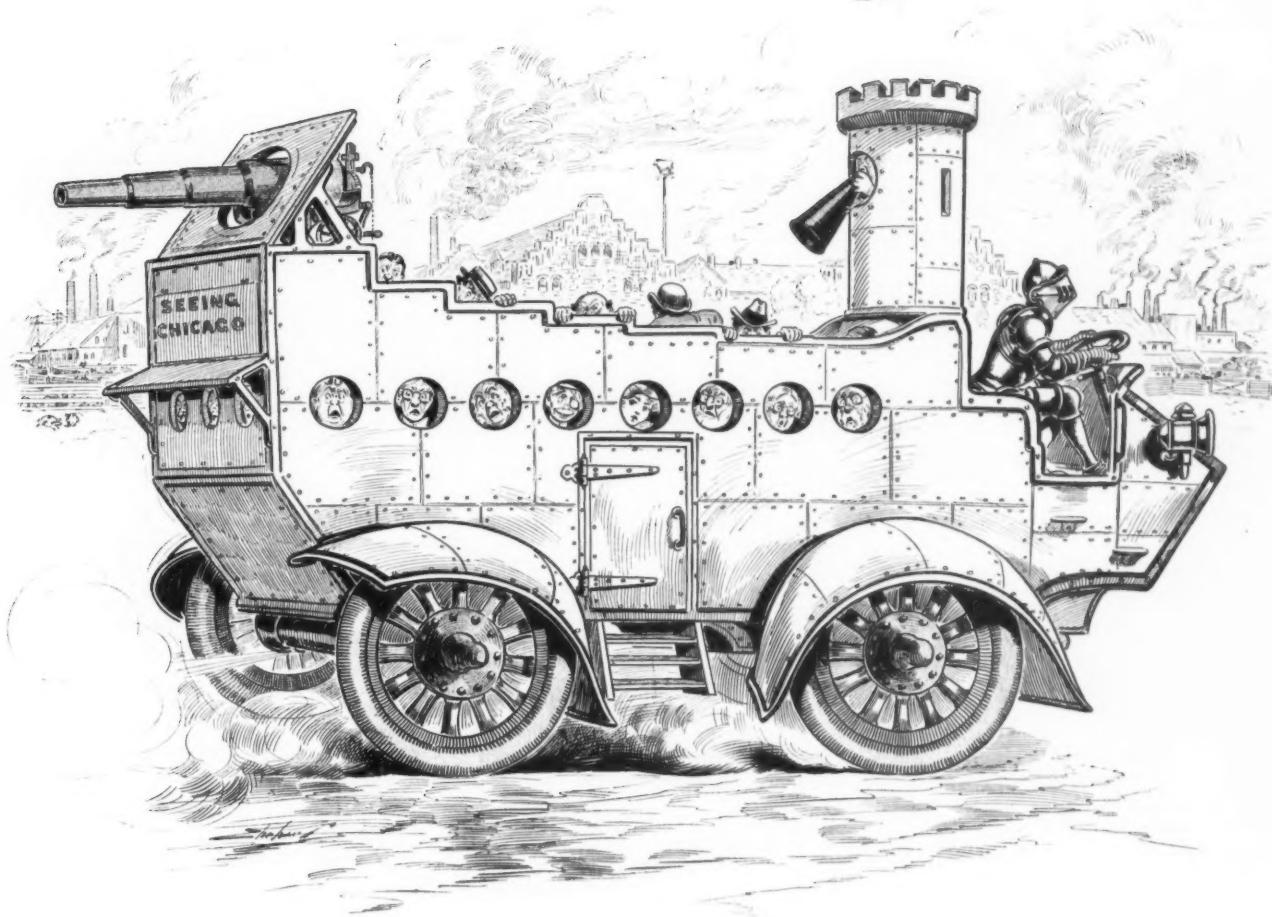
ACCORDING TO the Public Lands Commission, nearly one third of the area of the United States is still government property; which prompts a sincere regret that Senator Mitchell's life-work is rudely to be interrupted. There are good men and true, however, particularly on the Pacific slope, who may safely be relied upon to continue it.

PEARY'S DEPARTURE again reminded us of the utter unfitness for Arctic exploration of Anthony Fiala, head of the Ziegler expedition. Fiala left New York without an interview, without a benefit, without any vaudeville. He has been gone two years in the Arctic.

No one has heard of or from him. Can it be that he has overcome the weighty handicap, self-imposed by his modest, unostentatious departure, and actually discovered something? Or is the lack of news due to his reckless disregard of that first of all Arctic maxims—Never lose sight of the nearest cable station?



A JOB FOR THE BOUNCER.

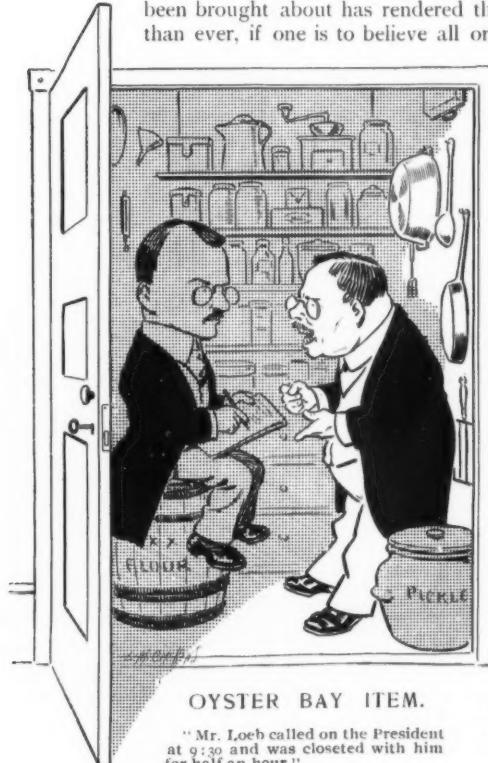


SEEING CHICAGO.

OFFSET.

DIOGENES had come back to resume his search, but he was by no means sanguine of success.

"To be sure, oil is cheaper," he said, as he lighted his lantern, "and that will help, but the very process by which this has been brought about has rendered the honest man scarcer than ever, if one is to believe all one reads in the magazines."



OYSTER BAY ITEM.

"Mr. Loeb called on the President at 9:30 and was closeted with him for half an hour."

VICTORY.

AMERICAN.—From this side of the pond, at one time it really looked as if England would get mixed up in the war in the East.

ENGLISHMAN.—There never was the slightest danger, me boy; the war office kept Austin and Kipling under the closest surveillance.

FINANCE.

COBWIGGER.—I presume he lives beyond his income.

MERRITT.—Why, man, he lives beyond other people's incomes.

FIT.

"It fits you," argued the modiste, but the summer person shrugged her shoulders archly.

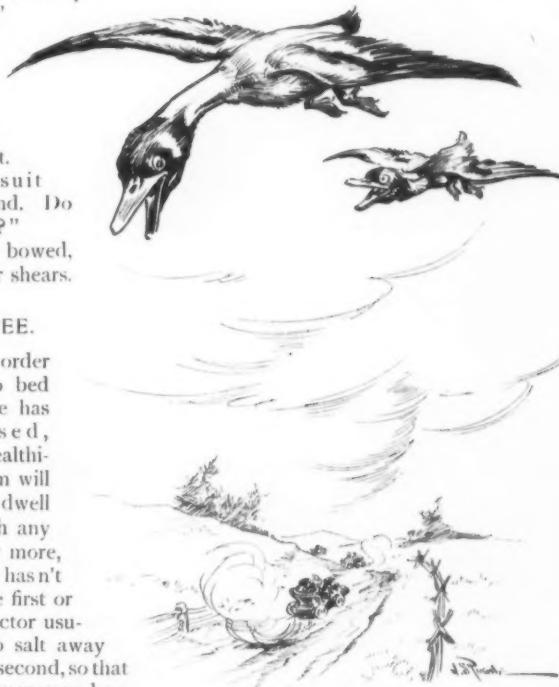
"It fits me," she said, drily, "but it doesn't fit the exigencies. I am thirty years old. My time is short. My bathing-suit should correspond. Do you understand?"

The modiste bowed, and went for her shears.

THESE THREE.

Now that the order of early to bed and early to rise has definitely passed, healthiness, wealthiness and wisdom will hardly be got to dwell all of them with any one person any more, but where a man has n't too much of the first or the third, his doctor usually manages to salt away quite a bit of the second, so that betwixt them they may make a fairly respectable showing.

A MAXIM for the barber—Think twice and then shave the man before speaking once.



HONK! HONK!

WILD DUCKLING.—Did you call me, Ma? MOTHER D.—No, dear; it was that last automobile that you heard.

PUCK



A LATER DESDEMONA.

'SCAPED the springe of Rosamond,
Somehow contrived to miss
The lure of Nell, and nimbly shunned
The net of Corals;

From Mabel, I made shift to fly,
Averting utter rout;
And timeously did fortify,
When Philippa came out.

Use breeds a habit, says the bard—
Against the charms of Bess,
I've steeled a heart, already hard,
With flattering success;

And yet, the less I yield, the more
Her smiles are on me cast;
I think that she must love me for
The dangers I have passed.

Frank Preston Smart.

RULES FOR AN AUTOMOBILE.

IF YOUR carburetor does n't work, taste the gasoline and sweeten until right.

In case you are left on the road with a pretty girl and a spark plug that does n't work, get the girl to do the sparking, and send for your meals.

To repair a broken tire, use about equal parts of tire tape and profanity.

If there is a leak in your valves, fill up with highballs and think of other things.

Should your hill climber give out, do not get rattled. Alight with easy grace from the machine and then allow it to roll backward down the hill. Then if it kills anyone, you won't be to blame.

If your best girl wishes to run the machine while you are doing more important work, it is best to take some lonely road. Hold the girl as tight as possible and blow your own horn.

If for any reason the machine comes to a sudden stop get out and examine the ball-bearings, all the stop-cocks, the piston-rod, the water-cooler, the eccentrics, and then if you don't find the trouble, examine the license the state has given you, which says you are competent to run your machine. This may not start you up, but it will be some comfort to know that the trouble is not with you.

MISUNDERSTANDING.

THE WITCH, flying low, called us to her.
"I ordered a brougham, I'm sure,
But they gave me this broom,"
She remarked. "I presume,
My enunciation was poor."

GOTHAM GLEANINGS.

WELL, here comes August when the dog star Serious is in the ascendant.

Some from here are sojourning out of our city during the torrid epoch.

Jim Hill says crops in the West are O. K.

The infant son of N. Romanoff of St. Petersburg has a new tooth.

Don't forget the ice-cream festival Saturday eve.

Our esteemed contemporary the *Evening Post* is getting out a semi-weekly now. Improvement is the order of the day.

Four automobiles passed thro' town Wednesday.

Jule Hawthorne is sawing wood for Mr. Hearst this week.

Geo. Boldt has put in a couple of new razors in the tonsorial

parlor of the Waldorf.
They cut very nice.

Ye scribe had a pat flush beaten last night. Pay your subscriptions.

Jim Metcalfe the popular dramatic critic says work will soon begin.

F. P. A.

THE LAW OF IT.

THE old buck in the story, who dropped a sovereign in the plate at church, mistaking it for a penny, could get no great satisfaction out of the sexton, as will be recalled, but he was not the old buck to give up easily.

Accordingly he sought legal advice, with a view to instituting a suit at law.

But the lawyer whom he consulted was one of those rare and gifted souls who would rather be witty than rich, or almost anything else, for that matter.

"Sir," said he, at once, "you have no case. You were guilty of contributory negligence."

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.

THAT LIFE is a queer kind of quirk
Is a fact we infer every day;
For 't is play makes us able to work—
And 't is work makes us able to play.

SUCH is the nature of things that the meek who are to inherit the earth are usually, if not invariably, people who don't want it.

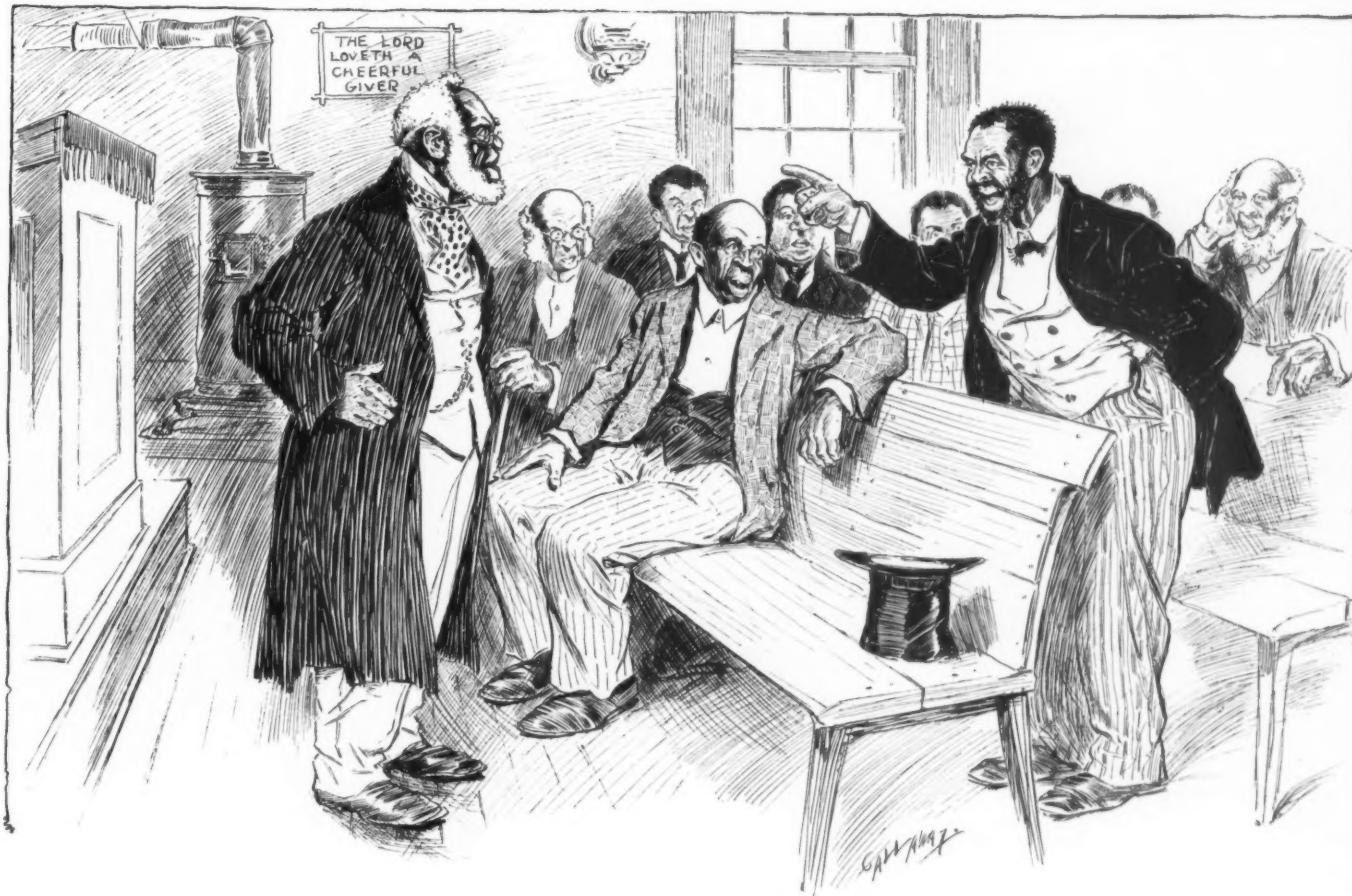


PROBABLY.

SLECTMAN HEEHAW — Heck Biddle wuz a-tellin' me last night that his wife has quit talkin' in her sleep.

THE GROCER. — Yep; an' he told me, b'gosh, that he guessed that wuz why she hed sech troubled dreams.

PUCK



"I votes NO! And I votes it loud and coa'se!"

HIS STRENUOUS OBJECTIONS.



"**Y**ALL reorganizes de sequence of dis meetin', muh friends," began Deacon Brownback, addressing the assembled trustees and other prominent male members of the Ebenezer Chapel. "We am gadered yuh dis ebemin' to discuss de disability of sendin' our pastah, Brudder Bagster, on a pussonally conducted tower to Liberia, in de hope dat he will return wid his health transmogrified and his volubility unimpeached. Yo' knows dat his cough has been gittin' mo' and mo' elaborate, yuh lately, and his physiology mo' denounced. It am mo' blessed to give dan to receive. Thimk, muh friends, of de joy of knowin' dat our beloved brudder's barque was on de sea, as de poet so hilariously got off, and his pussonality on de highroad toads eradication. I earnestly hopes dat I isn't gwine to heah an abstainin' voice when I proposes dat we put up de money and send him."

"Yo' am uh-gwine to heah mine, sah! Yo' am sho' gwine to heah mine, when yo' prognosticates dat 'ar protoplasm!" grimly said Brother Tarpy, abruptly rising in his place. "I don't see no stimulation for sendin' no tub-shaped preachers on no pussonally conducted towers to no Liberia nor nowhurs else, to have 'em come back wid two, three mo' double-chins, and mebby side-whiskers, and lecture to us for de rest of our nach'l lives, or such a matter, wid a lot of magic lantern slides wid cracks across 'em! De trouble wid dat man am dat he's too fat—dat's all dat's de matter! He wheezes like a camel, but we-all is n't 'sponsible for dat, and a pussonally conducted tower around amongst de woodpiles wid a saw and buck would do him a pow'ful sight of good."

"But, loogy yuh, Brudder Tarpy! His cough—"

"I knows all about dat, too! Till yuh of late it was just a mizzable little hack, burkaze he had n't no notion dat dar was anything in it for him. But, just about de time he diskivered dat a certain yaller-completed young widdah, wid a mouffle of gold teef and a spahkl'in' eye, was uh-gwine over dar to Liberia to become a missionary or suthin', I dunnuh what—why, muh suzz, dat man's cough increased in velocity till it sho' sounded like de barkin' of a houn'-dog! I don't keer nothin' a-tall whudder our beloved brudder's

bark am on de sea or a flat rock! We-all is n't due to pay for no such blame foolishness, and I votes no!"

"But, Lawd's sake, Brudder Tarpy! Yo' would n't contaminate Brudder Bagster's asperity, would yo'? Yo' am a Christian, and—"

"Eh-yah! I 's a Christian, all right enough, sah, but I ain't a dam' fool! I knows dese yuh yaller widdahs wid gold teef like a book, and I's plumb onto de convulsions of dese yuh nappy-headed nigger preachers! And, mo' dan dat, I'se done ciphered dis yuh matter cl'ar out, and I finds dat sendin' our beloved and barkin' brudder on dat ja'n't has got to be paid for by holdin' festivals and lawnsoshuls in de basement of de church. Well, and it will requiah no less dan fo'teen hundred and some plates of oyster stew, at de prevalin' rates, and twenty-fo' hundred sassers of v'nilla ice-cream to raise de sum. And yo' all need n't to even commence to suspicion dat I'm uh-gwine to disqualify muh digestion and upset muh system engulfin' no po'tion of dem thutty-eight hundred and some plates and sassers of trash to he'p no tub-shaped preachers nor nobody else to go gallivantin' and barkin' across de sea to furrin lands! I votes NO! And I votes it loud and coa'se!"

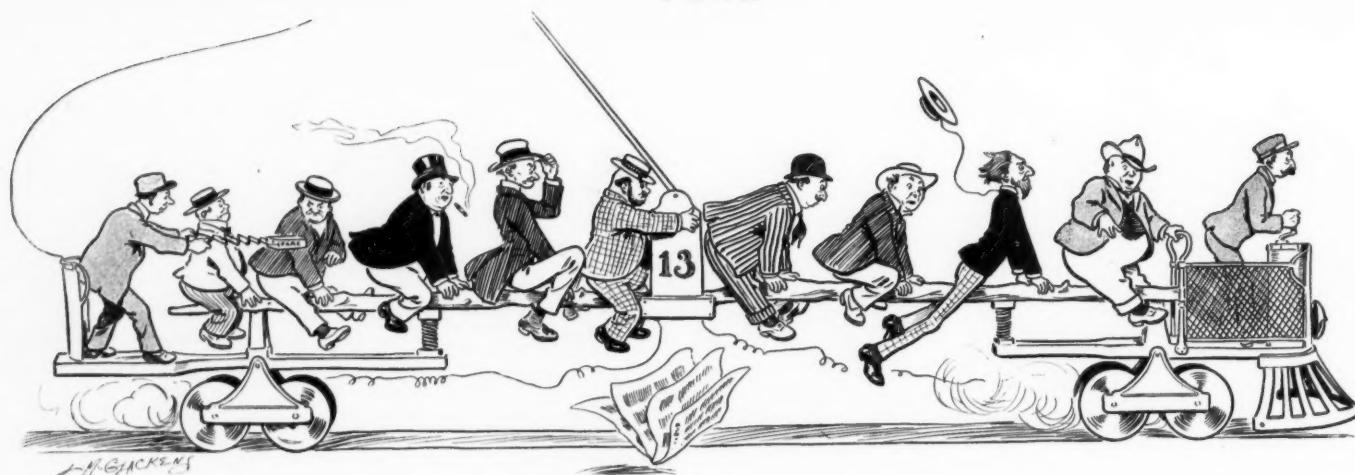
Tom P. Morgan,



A NORTHERN EXPOSURE.

Many a law gets on the statute books and finds itself unable to go any further.

PUCK



SPECIAL TROLLEY FOR END-SEAT HOGS.

A SUMMER RESORT FABLE.

A RIPPLING STREAM, that wound its Way through a certain Summer Resort, was inhabited by a single Trout. One Evening the Trout drifted where the Lone Deer of the Forest was drinking, and engaged in Conversation.

"This is a Lonely Life we lead, is it not?" asked the Trout.
"Indeed it is," said the Deer. "The only Enjoyment I have is to see the Hunters trying to stalk me, and shooting each other in the Back."

"As for me," said the Trout, "I have laughed until my Sides ached to see Fishermen trying to catch me. Sometimes they have lashed the River into such a Foam that it has resembled a Stream of Beer."

"And I, too, have my Amusement," said a third Voice, belonging to a Lone Grouse. "I am the only Grouse on the Whole Place, yet no less than fourteen Bird Dogs have been filled with Shot, owing to the mad anxiety of their Owners to slay me violently."

Here a red Fox crept out to the Drinking Place and smiled broadly when he heard what the Animals were talking about.

"I have counted six Hunters who have damaged their Heads or Ribs trying to catch me, and twice as many Horses have had their Legs broken or have been lamed for Life. I am not Sar-donic by Nature, but it all gives me a certain sort of Grim Pleasure."

"Why is it that Men persist in coming here Year after Year in the Desire to slay us?" mused the Lone Deer.

"I think it is because they need the Exercise," said the Lone Trout.

"Then why don't they saw Wood?" asked the Lone Fox, in the manner of one perplexed.

"That is merely Work," said the Lone Grouse, as he poised himself for Flight. "But what do we care, as long as they amuse us and keep us from growing uncomfortably Fat? Here come two of the Tribe now, my Brethren. Would it not be just as well if we made ourselves less plentiful?"

And as the lonely animals fled, two Men came to the Drinking Place and one began to thrash the Stream with a Trout Rod, while the other crept through the Wood with his Gun at his Shoulder, neither one hearing the Chorus of Satirical Laughter that floated on the Wind, and echoed and re-echoed on all but human ears.

MORAL: It is too much to expect a Summer Resort to live up to its Railroad Folders.

A. C.

CONUNDRUM.

A SEA,
A beach,
A man
In reach.

A maid
Stands by
Afraid
To try

The waves
That land
Upon
The sand.

He notes
Her fear,
And draw-
ing near,

He says: But come
"Fair maid, With me
Be not Into
Afraid, The sea."

She goes And yet
With him, The maid
Though he Is not
Can't swim Afraid.

Now, can
You say
Why she's
That way?
W. J. Lampton.

THE man who has to eat his words is usually inclined to make it a hasty meal.



SEASIDE EXPEDIENTS.

MADGE.— You're surely not going to send George that letter after making those horrid blots on the paper.

MARJORIE.— Of course, you little goose! I'll just draw circles around them and tell him they are kisses.

Of course we don't know, but it is quite possible that the snail considers himself a globe-trotter.

PUCK



TO AVOID PUBLICITY.

FREQUENT would-be contributor to the magazines suggests that the Board of Foreign Missions, when refusing unsolicited contributions from conscience-struggling millionaires, might display a little tact by enclosing the following rejection slip when returning tainted lucre:

Mr. John D. Skinafeller:

DEAR SIR—The Board of Foreign Missions regrets that it cannot make use of the enclosed contribution, which is returned with thanks.

The rejection of a contribution does not necessarily imply that it is lacking in interest or value, but that it is not adapted to our present needs.

Very truly yours,
ESTERBROOK STUBB, Sec.

For the millionaire contributor the following blank form is suggested:

BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS:

Gentlemen—Kindly consider enclosed contribution, and if suited to your needs please retain. If unavailable will you kindly check reasons below that I may be guided in submitting donations in the future:

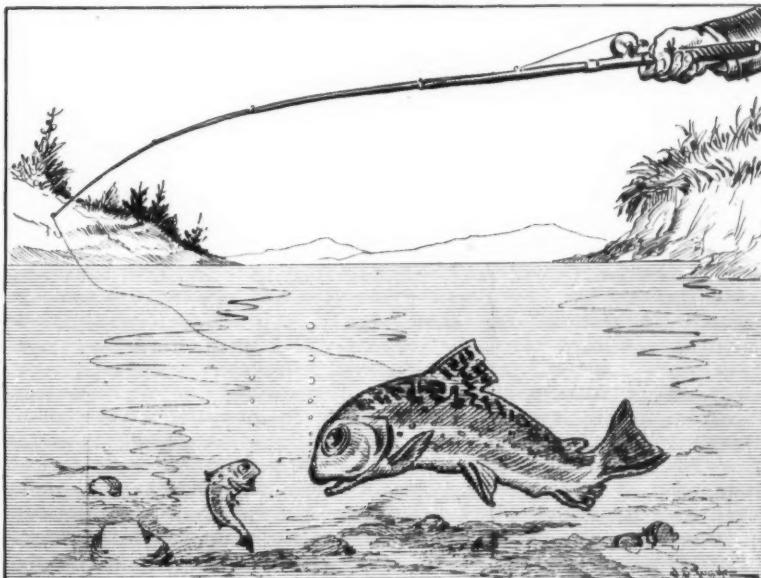
- Too large a sum for our use.
- Too small.
- Not adapted to our needs.
- Requires fumigation.
- Overstocked.
- Not up to our moral standard.

(Remarks.)

Yours very truly,
JOHN D. SKINAFELLER.

IN A FEW YEARS.

THE GUEST.—Waiter, you may fetch me a lobster salad.
THE WAITER.—Yes, sir;—with real lobster or lobsterine?

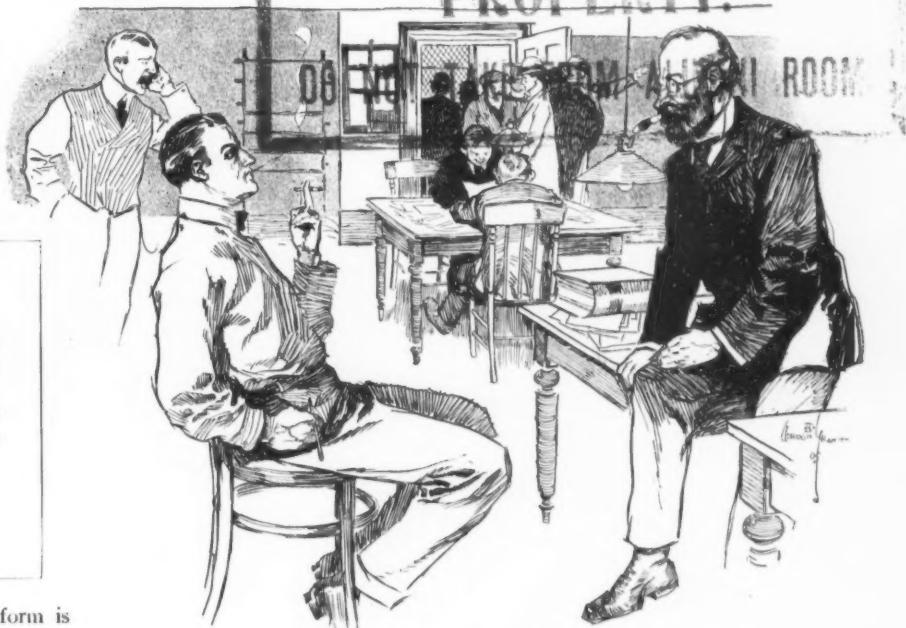


PISCATORIALLY SPEAKING.

LITTLE FISH.—Pop, what is that queer looking thing above the water?
PAPA FISH.—That, my son, is the terrible Big Stick they tell of.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

PROPERTY.



THE BEST OF EVIDENCE.

MANAGING EDITOR.—But why are you so sure the war is really over?

CABLE EDITOR.—They've let one of our war-correspondents get to the front.

TYRANNY.

THE tyrant heard their prayer with a black brow growing ever blacker.

When they were done, he exclaimed in a loud, harsh voice:

“Sic volo, sic jubeo!”

The unlettered multitude fell back in consternation.

“He's a-settin' of his dogs on us!” went up the fearsome cry.

WHERE THEY EXCEL.

CONLEY.—They tell me that ivy wan av them Japskis do be thrained athletes.

KERRIGAN.—Well, I think that even th' Rooshians will give them credit fer knowin' how t' put th' shot.

WHY IS THIS?

THEY say that only honest men command respect; but can this be, when people show much more respect to ——— than to me?

Success can never come, they say,
To him who looks upon the wine;
And yet ——— writes poetry
That's miles and miles ahead of mine.

Charles R. Barnes.



FOR THE PEARY POLAR FUND.

PUCK acknowledges the receipt of the following belated contributions to the Peary Polar expedition:

1 Chilled-steel ice pick,	— N. K. A., Passaic, N. J.
1 doz. tennis balls,	Friend of Science.
1 Safety lawnmower,	Admirer.
½ doz. croquet mallets,	J. B. L., Brooklyn.
1 electric fan,	Anon.
1 ice cream freezer,	Pro Bono Publico.
1 "Little Giant" hammock,	Enthusiast.
1 "Daisy" carpet-sweeper,	Arizona Arctic Club.

Further contributions should be sent direct to Lieut. Peary, Lost Toe, Greenland.

A MAN is largely determined by his environments. Christopher Columbus might have been a New York policeman for twenty years without discovering even a pool room.

SEC'Y INT.

SEC'Y COM. AND LAB.



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

SEC'Y NAVY.

SEC'Y WAR.

ATTY GEN'L.

A CABINET THAT COULD NOT BE BOUGHT*"There is not in my Cabinet one man to whom it is not"*



ATTY GEN'L.
THAT COULD AFFORD IT.

to whom it is not a financial disadvantage to stay in the Cabinet."

—President Roosevelt at Asbury Park.

PUCK

WHAT ARE JAGOBES?

By GARRULOUS P. SERVUS.



THE SUMMER GIRL.

"To a certain extent, she reminds me of the Mormon elders."
"Indeed? In what way?"
"She believes in plural engagements."

THE HOT DAY IN DIXIE.



De sun rise lak a fiah cup
Fro' mawnin' mists so hazy;
Et sem he's slow in gittin' up.
He luk so red en lazy.
But pretty soon he race along
Dess lak a red-hot dollah;
En long befo' de dinneh gong
He's melted down yo' collah.
En down in de swamps de crickets say:
"Cheeh up! Cheeh up! Anuddeh hot day!"

De June-bugs en de bumble-bees
Dey frolic 'roun' togeddeh;
En hum a tune up in de trees
To celebrate de weddeh.
En wheh de bogs am deep en
green
De skeetehs all assemble;
Ah know dess what *det* meetin' mean—
To-night de time Ah tremble.
Million skeetehs singin', too;
Seem to say: "We'll call on you!"

De Kernal mop his beady brow,
His nose am lak a tulip;
He say: "Ah stop det bouhbon, now,
En drink a cool mint julep."
En den he almos' git perfane.
He say: "Dis heat's infernal!"
He rap me wid his yelleh cane
When Ah say, "Et's cooleh, Kernal!"

En when de pussperation run,
He shake his fis' up et de sun;
En ebhyt'ing mos' melt away
In Dixie on a sultry day.

Victor A. Hermann.

BUSINESS PERSONAL.

YOUNG man out of regular employment would as soon discover the North Pole as not, and invites correspondence with persons of means desiring to finance venture. Morris K. Jesup, Gen. Hubbard, and other Peary boosters please write. No previous experience, but will go as far as you like. Address SUMMER SNAP, Puck Downtown.

JAGOBES is the newest name in scientific literature, but it bids fair to become a household word. Jagobes are the invention of Professor Thinkum of Cambridge, England, the greatest living authority on Biomania. Professor Thinkum asserts that Jagobes are a by-product of limes, and if this be true the distinguished scientist has performed the greatest scientific miracle since Isaac Newton, and has done what men have dreamed of doing ever since the human intellect put on long pants. The facts are intensely interesting.

Into a tall glass receiver containing cracked ice the Professor expressed the liquid contents of half a lime, in which no living germs were visible to the naked eye. He next introduced a jigger of aromatic spirit tinged with the juice of juniper berries, filled the receiver with carbonic water, and stirred the whole slowly and meditatively. He then tilted the receiver and gazed steadily through the bottom of it. Certain microscopic particles resembling giant bacteria were observed in a state of radio-activity, and the inevitable conclusion was that the lime compressor had organically dislodged particles of pulp which, entering into the inorganic substance of the aromatic spirit, had in some manner brought about a union of the homogeneous with the heterogeneous, together with a spontaneously combustible transmutation of the elements. This looks reasonable to me.

Professor Thinkum repeated his experiment six times, and with each repetition the mysterious particles were observed swimming about in the liquid, and seeming closely to imitate the functions of life. At this point the supply of limes gave out, and the Professor was compelled temporarily to defer his analyses. He has given the name Jagobes to the living agonisms; and as the questions which they raise are of incalculable importance to the human race, Science must find the answers to them.

A FAMILIAR QUARREL.

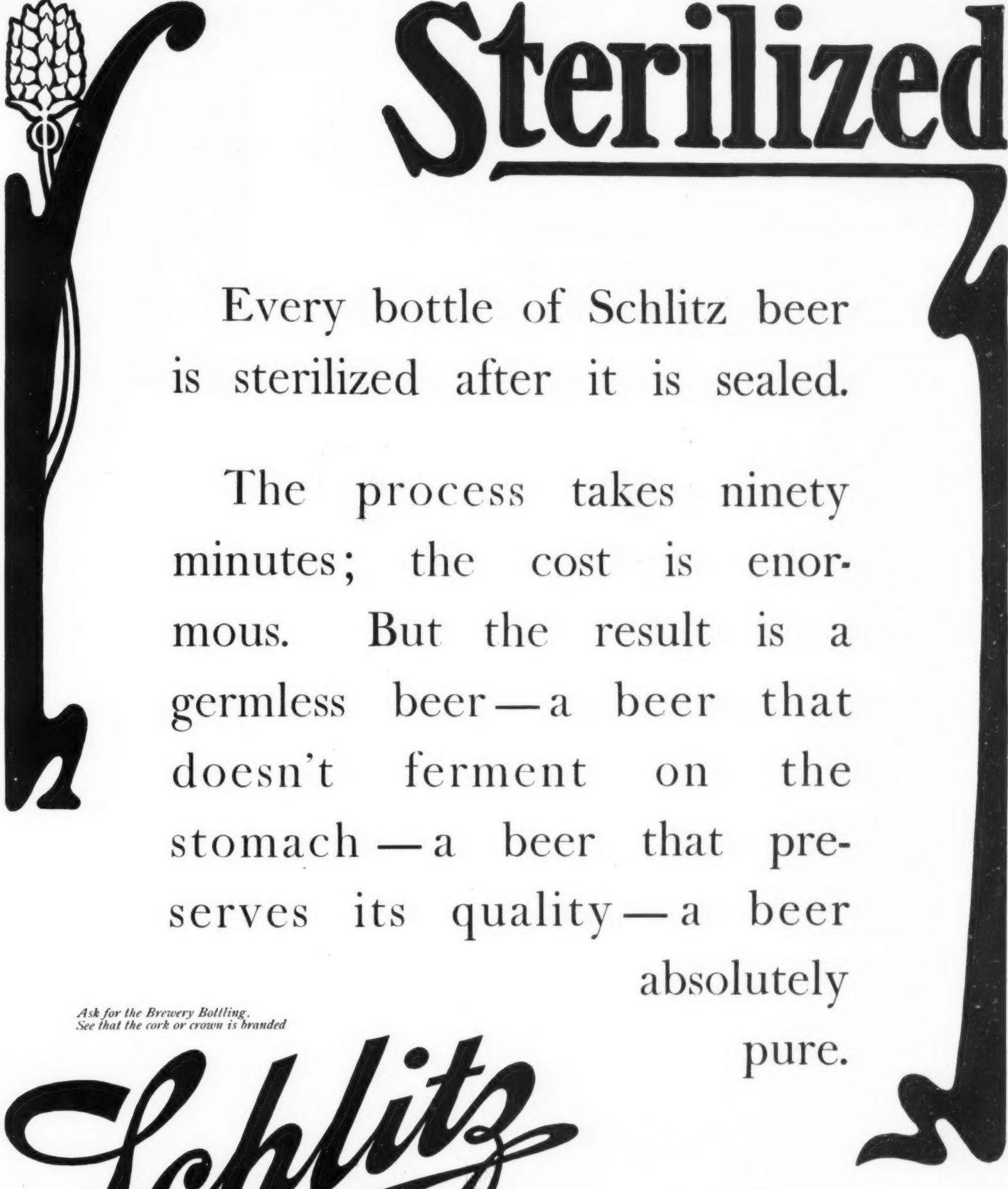
HUH! I guess I ain't afraid of *you*. — "Well, I ain't afraid of *you*, either." — "You'd better be." — "Aw!" — "Oh, I'll give you something to aw for." — "You will, hey?" — "Yes, I will." — "Better try it once." — "Well, I can do it." — "Yes, you can." — "You need n't think I'm afraid of *you* or anyone like *you*." — "Well, if I could n't whip you with one hand I'd sell out." — "Why, yes; it's easy to talk." — "I can do it." — "You'd just better try it on once." — "You look out or I will." — "I ain't afraid of *you* or your whole family." — "Ain't?" — "No, I ain't." — "Talk's cheap." — "You touch me once, and see what's cheap." — "Touch ye? Bah! If I touched ye once, you'd never know what hit you!" — "Well, do it then, freshy." — "You say much, and I will." — "I dare you." — "You better look out, I never take no dare." — "I dare ye! I dare ye!" — "You better shut up." — "Calf! calf! Took a dare!" — "I ain't through with you yet, you big." — "Look out what you say." — "Hit me. I'd smile to see you hit me." — "Yes, you'd smile on the wrong side of your mouth." — "You try hitting me, and see." — "Rats!" — "Oh, it's easy enough to say rats." — "You say much more and I'll give you a biff in the face." — "You will?" — "Yes." — "I dare you!" — "Look out! Here I come!" — "Come on!" — "Huh!" — "Bah!"

S. E. T.



Z-Z-Z-Z!

"Come, pet! Will you fly with me?"
"Ah, no! I'd rather sit here and buzz."



Sterilized

Every bottle of Schlitz beer
is sterilized after it is sealed.

The process takes ninety minutes; the cost is enormous. But the result is a germless beer—a beer that doesn't ferment on the stomach—a beer that preserves its quality—a beer absolutely pure.

*Ask for the Brewery Bottling.
See that the cork or crown is branded*

Schlitz The Beer
That Made Milwaukee Famous.

NO DINNER COMPLETE WITHOUT IT

NO DINNER COMPLETE WITHOUT IT

**LIQUEUR
PÈRES CHARTREUX**
—GREEN AND YELLOW—

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HOTEL CLERK.—Suite?
YOUNGWED.—You bet your life she is.—*Washington Life*.

THE APPROPRIATE THING.
MRS. GASWELL.—I'd like to see some of your rugs.
SALESMAN.—Yes, ma'am. What kind?
MRS. GASWELL.—Something oriental, I guess. I want it for our east room.—*Chicago Tribune*.

CONSIDER, also, how much less you risk your life by not being able to afford to operate an automobile. For as long as you stay on the sidewalk you are comparatively safe.—*Indianapolis News*.

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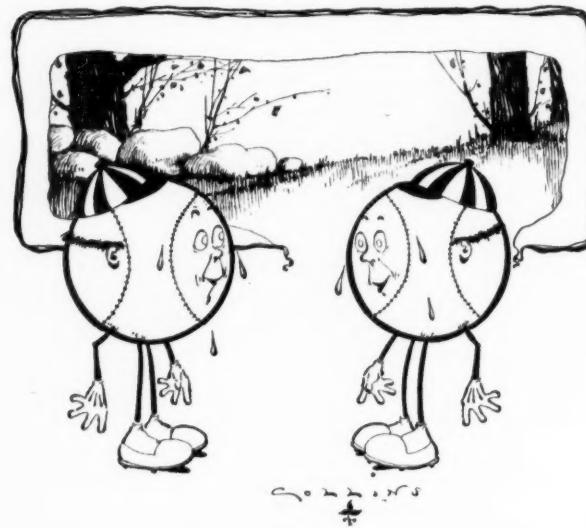
THAT'S ALL!

OUT FOR NUMBER TWO.

HICKS.—Of course every married woman believes that the proper age for matrimony is the age at which she married.

WICKS.—Unless she happens to be a widow, and then she hastens to declare that she was entirely too young when she married the first time.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

HEARING of two negroes who killed themselves Brother Dickey said: "Well, since they quit lynchin' 'um, some er 'um dunno what ter do!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.



LOST BALL!

FIRST BALL.—Say, I'm lost. Are you?

SECOND BALL.—Yep; I had to lose myself in self-defense. The man who sold me said I was guaranteed to last a whole game without ripping or loosing my shape.

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A THEATRICAL NOTE.

"Twas over-study ailed the star,
The papers said, but when
Her under-study made a hit
She got right well again.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

LOST.

BACON.—I never speak of the Fourth of July as Independence Day.

EGBERT.—Why not?

BACON.—Why, I was married on that day.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

SOMEBODY says that the sons of rich men need sympathy. So do the girls who marry them.—*Somerville Journal*.

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NOT SURPRISED.

"Here is another case of a man who lived for months with a bullet in his brain."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "after glancing over some of the popular summer novels I have concluded that it does not make much difference what people get into their heads."—*Washington Star*.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE.

"What are you taking that gallon jug along for?"

"Snake bite remedy, old fellow!"

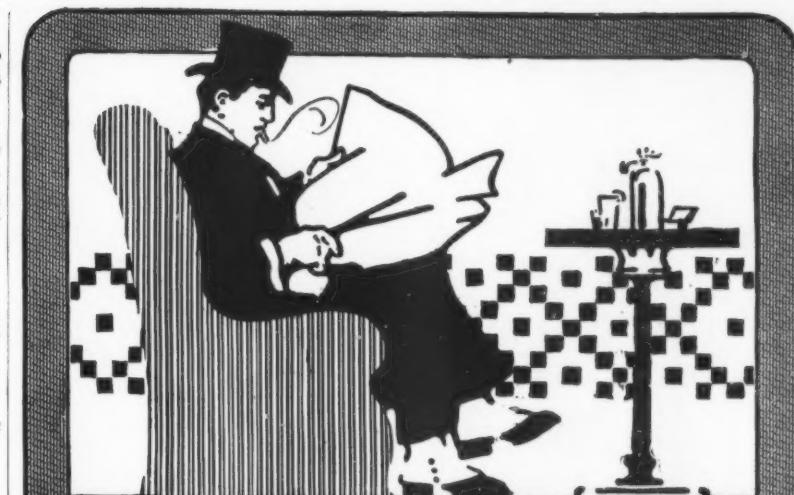
"And where are you going?"

"To find the snakes!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

REASONABLE.

"Mr. Buggins," said the attending physician gravely, "I am afraid your wife's mind is gone."

"Well, I'm not surprised," replied Mr. B. "She's been giving me a piece of it every day for twenty-three years, and she didn't have a whole lot to start on!"—*Washington Life*.



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"Do you think that the municipal ownership idea can be successfully worked?"

"I think so," answered Mr. Dustin Stax complacently. "We will not hesitate to sell our franchises to the government at a good figure, nor to buy them back cheap, when the idea goes out of fashion."—*Washington Star*.

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This "historical" account of certain adventures of Huevos Pasada Par Agua, Marquis of Pollio Grille, and Count of Pate de Foie Gras, is a clever and amusing burlesque on the novel of histrio-adventure. We consider it strange it has not been done before, but it is certainly well done now.

—Detroit Free Press.

"Monsieur D'en Brochette" is a capital travesty of the romances of the sword by American imitators of Alexandre Dumas which have been so numerous and popular in the last few years. The satire is keen and even the victims cannot fail to admire the skill with which the sharp thrusts are given.

—The Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The adventures which Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie Gras, and Much Else Besides, succeeds in crowding into the short space of forty-eight hours are astounding.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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AN OLD SIMILE.
The world is but a fleeting show;
The actor's pittance is but small;
The man to whom the profits flow
Is one you scarcely know at all.
—*Washington Star.*

HIS AMBITION.
"Are you going to college when you grow up?" asked the uncle.
"Yes, sir," replied the boy.
"What are you going to be?"
"A baseball player or a rower."
"But don't you want to learn a profession?"
"No; what's the use? I want to get my picture in the papers!" —*Yonkers Statesman.*

HOT WEATHER PHILOSOPHY.
"Let us not growl at the warm weather," says a Billville philosopher. "If it were winter we wouldn't have any snow-shoes, and, ten to one, our overcoats would be in pawn!" —*Atlanta Constitution.*

COMMONPLACE EVENTS.
"There's one class of heroes that never get medals for life saving."
"Who are they?"
"Doctors." —*Detroit Free Press.*

THE TURNING OF THE WORM.
"Women will yet assert their superior gifts in conducting the practical affairs of life," said Mr. Meekton's wife.
"Well," he replied, "let 'em. The sooner they go downtown to a hot, irritating office and let me climb into a kimono and read summer novels the better I'll be pleased." —*Washington Star.*

THE KIND WITH PERQUISITES.
"Pettybang seems to be prospering."
"Yes, he's been elected to one of these jobs where there's lots of honor and no salary." —*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

SILENCE is golden, says the philosopher, but any great judge will tell you that in his experience silence is often guilt. —*Somerville Journal.*

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BEYOND HIS COMPREHENSION.

"There is much about your political system," said the foreigner, "that I can not understand."

"Go on," replied the American, "you're kiddin'."

"Upon my honor, I speak truly. For instance, you will not permit a rich man to run for office, and a poor man can't afford to. I don't understand it — really." —*Chicago Herald.*

WHEN a girl is sixteen, she thinks it is quite possible, and even easy, to die of a broken heart. —*Somerville Journal.*

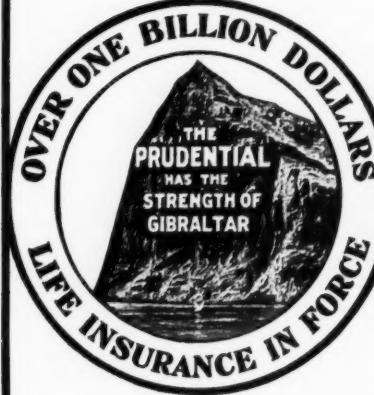
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"Indications all point to a marked scarcity of poultry in the near future."

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BOUQUET

IT'S A BIT HARD TO DIGEST Miss Tarbell's information that Mr. Rockefeller "is the victim of the money passion." Most of us had a notion that he was the beneficiary, and that the rest of us were the—but, of course, we may have been mistaken. —*Indianapolis News.*

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—Washington Star.

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"He hummed a little tune and kept time to it as he brushed the dust from Miss Gilder's golf suit. Then everybody knew he had worked in a barber shop." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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SCHEMING.

THE PARROT.—Look here, Grimalkin! If I had nine lives like you have, I'd take out enough insurance on the first to live in style for the remaining eight.

PUCK

